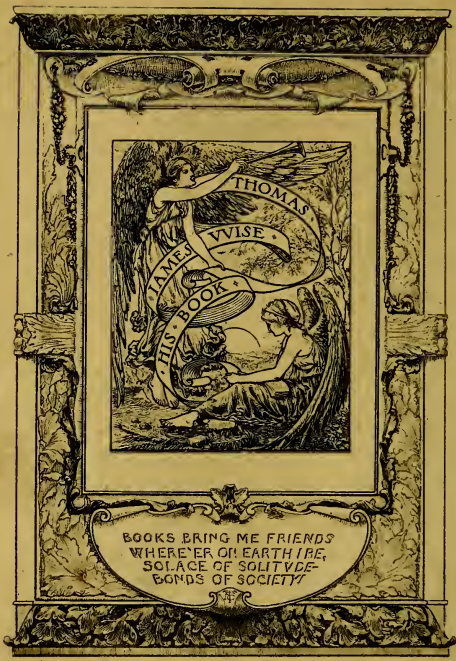
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THE

WORKS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD BYRON.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.

THE

WORKS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD BYRON.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE GIAOUR—BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1817.

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249946

THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF

A TURKISH TALE.

" One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
" Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—
" To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
" For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting."

MOORE.

249946

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN

OF ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS;

RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,

AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP;

THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED BY

HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the "olden time;" or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprize. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The deser-

tion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprize, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.

THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb[1] which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain:
When shall such hero live again?

* * * * * * *

Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,

Which seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave;
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there!
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,[2]
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:

His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share,
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar[3]
Is heard, and seen the evening star;

Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mixed
Within the paradise she fixed,
There man, enamoured of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare!

Strange—that where all is peace beside
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevailed
Against the seraphs they assailed,
And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell;
So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)

And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy[4]
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed![5]

Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave;
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires

Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!

'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way
To vilain-bonds and despot-sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the muse might soar,
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.
The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,[6]
And callous, save to crime;

Stained with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brutes;
Without even savage virtue blest,
Without one free or valiant breast.
Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;
In this the subtle Greek is found,
For this, and this alone, renowned.
In vain might Liberty invoke
The spirit to its bondage broke,
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:
No more her sorrows I bewail,
Yet this will be a mournful tale,
And they who listen may believe,
Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * * * * *

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
The shadows of the rocks advancing,
Start on the fisher's eye like boat
Of island-pirate or Mainote;
And fearful for his light caique,
He shuns the near but doubtful creek:
Though worn and weary with his toil,
And cumbered with his scaly spoil,
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
Till Port Leone's safer shore
Receives him by the lovely light
That best becomes an Eastern night.

* * * * * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
With slackened bit and hoof of speed?

Beneath the clattering iron's sound
The caverned echoes wake around
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
The foam that streaks the courser's side
Seems gathered from the ocean-tide:
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast;
And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour![7]
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface:
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt;
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
As meteor like thou glidest by,

Right well I view and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hastened, and he drew
My gaze of wonder as he flew:
Though like a demon of the night
He passed and vanished from my sight,
His aspect and his air impressed
A troubled memory on my breast,
And long upon my startled ear
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
He spurs his steed; he nears the steep,
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;
He winds around; he hurries by;
The rock relieves him from mine eye;
For well I ween unwelcome he
Whose glance is fixed on those that flee;

And not a star but shines too bright
On him who takes such timeless flight.
He wound along; but ere he passed
One glance he snatched, as if his last,
A moment checked his wheeling steed,
A moment breathed him from his speed,
A moment on his stirrup stood—
Why looks he o'er the olive wood?
The crescent glimmers on the hill,
The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still:
Though too remote for sound to wake
In echoes of the far tophaike,[8]
The flashes of each joyous peal
Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.
To-night, set Rhamazani's sun;
To-night, the Bairam feast's begun;

To-night—but who and what art thou
Of foreign garb and fearful brow?
And what are these to thine or thee,
That thou should'st either pause or flee?
He stood—some dread was on his face,
Soon Hatred settled in its place:
It rose not with the reddening flush
Of transient Anger's hasty blush,
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
And sternly shook his hand on high,
As doubting to return or fly:
Impatient of his flight delayed,
Here loud his raven charger neighed—

Down glanced that hand, and grasped his blade;
That sound had burst his waking dream,
As Slumber starts at owlet's scream.
The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;
Away, away, for life he rides:
Swift as the hurled on high jerreed[9]
Springs to the touch his startled steed;
The rock is doubled, and the shore
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;
The crag is won, no more is seen
His Christian crest and haughty mien.
'Twas but an instant he restrained
That fiery barb so sternly reined;
'Twas but a moment that he stood,
Then sped as if by death pursued;

But in that instant o'er his soul
Winters of Memory seemed to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime.
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years:
What felt *he* then, at once opprest
By all that most distracts the breast?
That pause, which pondered o'er his fate,
Oh, who its dreary length shall date!
Though in Time's record nearly nought,
It was Eternity to Thought!
For infinite as boundless space
The thought that Conscience must embrace,
Which in itself can comprehend
Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;
And did he fly or fall alone?
Woe to that hour he came or went!
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
To turn a palace to a tomb:
He came, he went, like the Simoom,[10]
That harbinger of fate and gloom,
Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
The very cypress droops to death—
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanished from the stall;
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
The lonely Spider's thin grey pall
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;

The Bat builds in his Haram bower;
And in the fortress of his power
The Owl usurps the beacon-tower;
The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
With baffled thirst, and famine, grim;
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day,
As springing high the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew,
And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
To view the wave of watery light,
And hear its melody by night.

And oft had Hassan's Childhood played
Around the verge of that cascade;
And oft upon his mother's breast
That sound had harmonized his rest;
And oft had Hassan's Youth along
Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song;
And softer seemed each melting tone
Of Music mingled with its own.
But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
Along the brink at Twilight's close:
The stream that filled that font is fled—
The blood that warmed his heart is shed!
And here no more shall human voice
Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.
The last sad note that swelled the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail:

That quenched in silence, all is still,
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill:
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again.
On desart sands 'twere joy to scan
The rudest steps of fellow man,
So here the very voice of Grief
Might wake an Echo like relief—
At least 'twould say, "all are not gone;
"There lingers Life, though but in one—"
For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which Solitude might well forbear;
Within that dome as yet Decay
Hath slowly worked her cankering way—
But gloom is gathered o'er the gate,
Nor there the Fakir's self will wait;

Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,
For Bounty cheers not his delay;
Nor there will weary stranger halt
To bless the sacred "bread and salt."[11]
Alike must Wealth and Poverty
Pass heedless and unheeded by,
For Courtesy and Pity died
With Hassan on the mountain side.
His roof, that refuge unto men,
Is Desolation's hungry den.
The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,
Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre![12]

* * * * * * *

I hear the sound of coming feet,
But not a voice mine ear to greet;

More near—each turban I can scan,
And silver-sheathed ataghan;[13]
The foremost of the band is seen,
An Emir by his garb of green:[14]
" Ho! who art thou?—this low salam[15]
" Replies of Moslem faith I am.
" The burthen ye so gently bear,
" Seems one that claims your utmost care,
" And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
" My humble bark would gladly wait."

" Thou speakest sooth, thy skiff unmoor,
" And waft us from the silent shore;
" Nay, leave the sail still furled, and ply
" The nearest oar that's scattered by,
" And midway to those rocks where sleep
" The channelled waters dark and deep.

" Rest from your task—so—bravely done,
" Our course has been right swiftly run;
" Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
" That one of— * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
The calm wave rippled to the bank;
I watched it as it sank, methought
Some motion from the current caught
Bestirred it more,—'twas but the beam
That chequered o'er the living stream:
I gazed, till vanishing from view,
Like lessening pebble it withdrew;
Still less and less, a speck of white
That gemmed the tide, then mocked the sight;

And all its hidden secrets sleep,
Known but to Genii of the deep,
Which, trembling in their coral caves,
They dare not whisper to the waves.

* * * * * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen[16] of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye:
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;

A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed,
Woe waits the insect and the maid;
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, and man's caprice:
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Hath lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that wooed its stay
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?

Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower?
No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame.

* * * * * * *

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly searched by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,

One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourished for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain:
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;[17]
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

* * * * * * *

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,
Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;
The unwonted chase each hour employs,
Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.

Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
When Leila dwelt in his Serai.
Doth Leila there no longer dwell?
That tale can only Hassan tell:
Strange rumours in our city say
Upon that eve she fled away
When Rhamazan's[18] last sun was set,
And flashing from each minaret
Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast
Of Bairam through the boundless East.
'Twas then she went as to the bath,
Which Hassan vainly searched in wrath;
For she was flown her master's rage
In likeness of a Georgian page,
And far beyond the Moslem's power
Had wronged him with the faithless Giaour.

Somewhat of this had Hassan deemed;
But still so fond, so fair she seemed,
Too well he trusted to the slave
Whose treachery deserved a grave:
And on that eve had gone to mosque,
And thence to feast in his kiosk.
Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
Who did not watch their charge too well;
But others say, that on that night,
By pale Phingari's[19] trembling light,
The Giaour upon his jet black steed
Was seen, but seen alone to speed
With bloody spur along the shore,
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

* * * * * * *

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well;
As large, as languishingly dark,
But Soul beamed forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.[20]
Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Alla! I would answer nay;
Though on Al-Sirat's[21] arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
With Paradise within my view,
And all his Houris beckoning through.
Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
And keep that portion of his creed[22]

Which saith that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?
On her might Muftis gaze, and own
That through her eye the Immortal shone;
On her fair cheek's unfading hue
The young pomegranate's[23] blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new;
Her hair in hyacinthine[24] flow,
When left to roll its folds below,
As midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble where her feet
Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.

The cygnet nobly walks the water;
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
The loveliest bird of Franguestan![25]
As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,
And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
When pass the steps of stranger man
Along the banks that bound her tide;
Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—
Thus armed with beauty would she check
Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.
Thus high and graceful was her gait;
Her heart as tender to her mate;
Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
Alas! that name was not for thee!

* * * * * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
With twenty vassals in his train,
Each armed, as best becomes a man,
With arquebuss and ataghan;
The chief before, as decked for war,
Bears in his belt the scimitar
Stained with the best of Arnaut blood,
When in the pass the rebels stood,
And few returned to tell the tale
Of what befell in Parne's vale.
The pistols which his girdle bore
Were those that once a pasha wore,
Which still, though gemmed and bossed with gold,
Even robbers tremble to behold.
'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
More true than her who left his side;

The faithless slave that broke her bower,
And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

* * * * * * *

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer:
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
In cities lodged too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard—
Here may he rest where none can see,
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

* * * * * * *

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
Conspicuous by his yellow cap;
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile:
Above, the mountain rears a peak,
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
And theirs may be a feast to-night,
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light;
Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there:
Each side the midway path there lay
Small broken crags of granite gray,
By time, or mountain lightning, riven
From summits clad in mists of heaven;

For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveiled?

* * * * * * *

They reach the grove of pine at last:
"Bismillah![26] now the peril's past;
"For yonder view the opening plain,
"And there we'll prick our steeds amain:"
The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
A bullet whistled o'er his head;
The foremost Tartar bites the ground!
Scarce had they time to check the rein,
Swift from their steeds the riders bound;
But three shall never mount again:
Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
The dying ask revenge in vain.

With steel unsheathed, and carbine bent,
Some o'er their courser's harness leant,
Half sheltered by the steed;
Some fly behind the nearest rock,
And there await the coming shock,
Nor tamely stand to bleed
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
Stern Hassan only from his horse
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
Till fiery flashes in the van
Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
Have well secured the only way
Could now avail the promised prey;
Then curled his very beard[27] with ire,
And glared his eye with fiercer fire:

" Though far and near the bullets hiss,
" I've scaped a bloodier hour than this."
And now the foe their covert quit,
And call his vassals to submit;
But Hassan's frown and furious word
Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
Nor of his little band a man
Resigned carbine or ataghan,
Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun![23]
In fuller sight, more near and near,
The lately ambushed foes appear,
And, issuing from the grove, advance
Some who on battle-charger prance.
Who leads them on with foreign brand,
Far flashing in his red right hand?
" 'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now;
" I know him by his pallid brow;

" I know him by the evil eye[29]
" That aids his envious treachery;
" I know him by his jet-black barb:
" Though now arrayed in Arnaut garb,
" Apostate from his own vile faith,
" It shall not save him from the death:
" 'Tis he! well met in any hour,
" Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour!"

As rolls the river into ocean,
In sable torrent wildly streaming;
As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
In azure column proudly gleaming,
Beats back the current many a rood,
In curling foam and mingling flood,
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
Roused by the blast of winter rave;

Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash
In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;
Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet—
Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
And fate, and fury, drive along.
The bickering sabres' shivering jar;
And pealing wide or ringing near
Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
The deathshot hissing from afar;
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
Reverberate along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale:
Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
That neither spares nor speaks for life!

Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,
To seize and share the dear caress;
But Love itself could never pant
For all that Beauty sighs to grant
With half the fervour Hate bestows
Upon the last embrace of foes,
When grappling in the fight they fold
Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold:
Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith;
True foes, once met, are joined till death!

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With sabre shivered to the hilt,
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
Yet strained within the severed hand
Which quivers round that faithless brand;

His turban far behind him rolled,
And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
His flowing robe by falchion torn,
And crimson as those clouds of morn
That, streaked with dusky red, portend
The day shall have a stormy end;
A stain on every bush that bore
A fragment of his palampore,[30]
His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that sealed his fate
Surviving left his quenchless hate;
And o'er him bends that foe with brow
As dark as his that bled below.—

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" Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
" But his shall be a redder grave;
" Her spirit pointed well the steel
" Which taught that felon heart to feel.
" He called the Prophet, but his power
" Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:
" He called on Alla—but the word
" Arose unheeded or unheard.
" Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer
" Be passed, and thine accorded there?
" I watched my time, I leagued with these,
" The traitor in his turn to seize;
" My wrath is wreaked, the deed is done,
" And now I go—but go alone."

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The browzing camels' bells are tinkling:
His Mother looked from her lattice high—
She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
The pasture green beneath her eye,
She saw the planets faintly twinkling:
" 'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh."
She could not rest in the garden-bower,
But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower:
" Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
" Nor shrink they from the summer heat;
" Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift?
" Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?
" Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now
" Has gained our nearest mountain's brow,

" And warily the steep descends,
" And now within the valley bends;
" And he bears the gift at his saddle bow—
" How could I deem his courser slow?
" Right well my largess shall repay
" His welcome speed, and weary way."
The Tartar lighted at the gate,
But scarce upheld his fainting weight:
His swarthy visage spake distress,
But this might be from weariness;
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
But these might be from his courser's side;
He drew the token from his vest—
Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!
His calpac[31] rent—his caftan red—
" Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed:

" Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
" But this empurpled pledge to bear.
" Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt:
" Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt."

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A turban[32] carved in coarsest stone,
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
Whereon can now be scarcely read
The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;
As ever scorned forbidden wine,
Or prayed with face towards the shrine,

In orisons resumed anew
At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"[33]
Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
And stranger in his native land;
Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unavenged, at least in blood.
But him the maids of Paradise
Impatient to their halls invite,
And the dark Heaven of Houri's eyes
On him shall glance for ever bright;
They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,[34]
And welcome with a kiss the brave!
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

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But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe
Beneath avenging Monkir's[35] scythe;
And from its torment 'scape alone
To wander round lost Eblis'[36] throne;
And fire unquenched, unquenchable,
Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;
Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!
But first, on earth as Vampire[37] sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race;
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life;
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse:

Thy victims ere they yet expire
Shall know the dæmon for their sire,
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are withered on the stem.
But one that for thy crime must fall,
The youngest, most beloved of all,
Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which in life a lock when shorn
Affection's fondest pledge was worn;

But now is borne away by thee,
Memorial of thine agony!
Wet with thine own best blood shall drip[38]
Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;
Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they!

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"How name ye yon lone Caloyer?
"His features I have scanned before
"In mine own land: 'tis many a year,
"Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
"I saw him urge as fleet a steed
"As ever served a horseman's need.

" But once I saw that face, yet then
" It was so marked with inward pain,
" I could not pass it by again;
" It breathes the same dark spirit now,
" As death were stamped upon his brow."

" 'Tis twice three years at summer tide
" Since first among our freres he came;
" And here it soothes him to abide
" For some dark deed he will not name.
" But never at our vesper prayer,
" Nor e'er before confession chair
" Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
" Incense or anthem to the skies,
" But broods within his cell alone,
" His faith and race alike unknown.

" The sea from Paynim land he crost,
" And here ascended from the coast;
" Yet seems he not of Othman race,
" But only Christian in his face:
" I'd judge him some stray renegade,
" Repentant of the change he made,
" Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
" Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
" Great largess to these walls he brought,
" And thus our abbot's favour bought;
" But were I Prior, not a day
" Should brook such stranger's further stay,
" Or pent within our penance cell
" Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
" Much in his visions mutters he
" Of maiden 'whelmed beneath the sea;

" Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
" Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
" On cliff he hath been known to stand,
" And rave as to some bloody hand
" Fresh severed from its parent limb,
" Invisible to all but him,
" Which beckons onward to his grave,
" And lures to leap into the wave."

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Dark and unearthly is the scowl
That glares beneath his dusky cowl:
The flash of that dilating eye
Reveals too much of times gone by;
Though varying, indistinct its hue,
Oft will his glance the gazer rue.

For in it lurks that nameless spell
Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
A spirit yet unquelled and high,
That claims and keeps ascendancy;
And like the bird whose pinions quake,
But cannot fly the gazing snake,
Will others quail beneath his look,
Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.
From him the half-affrighted Friar
When met alone would fain retire,
As if that eye and bitter smile
Transferred to others fear and guile:
Not oft to smile descendeth he,
And when he doth 'tis sad to see
That he but mocks at Misery.
How that pale lip will curl and quiver!
Then fix once more as if for ever;

As if his sorrow or disdain
Forbade him e'er to smile again.
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
But sadder still it were to trace
What once were feelings in that face:
Time hath not yet the features fixed,
But brighter traits with evil mixed;
And there are hues not always faded,
Which speak a mind not all degraded
Even by the crimes through which it waded:
The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom;
The close observer can espy
A noble soul, and lineage high:
Alas! though both bestowed in vain,
Which Grief could change, and Guilt could stain,

It was no vulgar tenement
To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the sight is riveted.
The roofless cot, decayed and rent,
Will scarce delay the passer by;
The tower by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;
Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone!

" His floating robe around him folding,
" Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle;
" With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
" The rites that sanctify the pile.

" But when the anthem shakes the choir,
" And kneel the monks, his steps retire;
" By yonder lone and wavering torch
" His aspect glares within the porch;
" There will he pause till all is done—
" And hear the prayer, but utter none.
" See—by the half-illumined wall
" His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
" That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
" As if the Gorgon there had bound
" The sablest of the serpent-braid
" That o'er her fearful forehead strayed:
" For he declines the convent oath,
" And leaves those locks unhallowed growth,
" But wears our garb in all beside;
" And, not from piety but pride,
" Gives wealth to walls that never heard
" Of his one holy vow nor word.

" Lo!—mark ye, as the harmony
" Peals louder praises to the sky,
" That livid cheek, that stony air
" Of mixed defiance and despair!
" Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine!
" Else may we dread the wrath divine
" Made manifest by awful sign.
" If ever evil angel bore
" The form of mortal, such he wore:
" By all my hope of sins forgiven,
" Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!"

To love the softest hearts are prone,
But such can ne'er be all his own;
Too timid in his woes to share,
Too meek to meet, or brave despair;
And sterner hearts alone may feel
The wound that time can never heal.

The rugged metal of the mine
Must burn before its surface shine,
But plunged within the furnace-flame,
It bends and melts—though still the same;
Then tempered to thy want, or will,
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;
A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
But if a dagger's form it bear,
Let those who shape its edge, beware!
Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
From these its form and tone are ta'en,
And what they make it, must remain,
But break—before it bend again.

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If solitude succeed to grief,
Release from pain is slight relief;
The vacant bosom's wilderness
Might thank the pang that made it less.
We loathe what none are left to share:
Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;
The heart once left thus desolate
Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal,
And shudder, as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay!
It is as if the desart-bird,[39]
Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
To still her famished nestlings' scream,
Nor mourns a life to them transferred,

Should rend her rash devoted breast,
And find them flown her empty nest.
The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desart of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.
Who would be doomed to gaze upon
A sky without a cloud or sun?
Less hideous far the tempest's roar
Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
Unseen to drop by dull decay;—
Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

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" Father! thy days have passed in peace,
" Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;
" To bid the sins of others cease,
" Thyself without a crime or care,
" Save transient ills that all must bear,
" Has been thy lot from youth to age;
" And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
" Of passions fierce and uncontrolled,
" Such as thy penitents unfold,
" Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
" Within thy pure and pitying breast.
" My days, though few, have passed below
" In much of joy, but more of woe;
" Yet still in hours of love or strife,
" I've 'scaped the weariness of life:
" Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes,
" I loathed the languor of repose.

" Now nothing left to love or hate,
" No more with hope or pride elate,
" I'd rather be the thing that crawls
" Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
" Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
" Condemned to meditate and gaze.
" Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
" For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest.
" Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;
" And I shall sleep without the dream
" Of what I was, and would be still,
" Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:
" My memory now is but the tomb
" Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom:
" Though better to have died with those
" Than bear a life of lingering woes.

" My spirit shrunk not to sustain
" The searching throes of ceaseless pain;
" Nor sought the self-accorded grave
" Of ancient fool and modern knave:
" Yet death I have not feared to meet;
" And in the field it had been sweet,
" Had danger wooed me on to move
" The slave of glory, not of love.
" I've braved it—not for honour's boast;
" I smile at laurels won or lost;
" To such let others carve their way,
" For high renown, or hireling pay:
" But place again before my eyes
" Aught that I deem a worthy prize;
" The maid I love, the man I hate,
" And I will hunt the steps of fate,

" To save or slay, as these require,
" Through rending steel, and rolling fire;
" Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from one
" Who would but do—what he *hath* done.
" Death is but what the haughty brave,
" The weak must bear, the wretch must crave;
" Then let Life go to him who gave:
" I have not quailed to danger's brow
" When high and happy—need I *now?*

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" I loved her, friar! nay, adored—
" But these are words that all can use—
" I proved it more in deed than word;
" There's blood upon that dinted sword,
" A stain its steel can never lose:

" 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
" It warmed the heart of one abhorred:
" Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
" Nor midst my sins such act record;
" Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
" For he was hostile to thy creed!
" The very name of Nazarene
" Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.
" Ungrateful fool! since but for brands
" Well wielded in some hardy hands,
" And wounds by Galileans given,
" The surest pass to Turkish heaven,
" For him his Houris still might wait
" Impatient at the prophet's gate.
" I loved her—love will find its way
" Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,

" And if it dares enough, 'twere hard
" If passion met not some reward—
" No matter how, or where, or why,
" I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:
" Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
" I wish she had not loved again.
" She died—I dare not tell thee how;
" But look—'tis written on my brow!
" There read of Cain the curse and crime,
" In characters unworn by time:
" Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause;
" Not mine the act, though I the cause.
" Yet did he but what I had done
" Had she been false to more than one.
" Faithless to him, he gave the blow;
" But true to me, I laid him low:

" Howe'er deserved her doom might be,
" Her treachery was truth to me;
" To me she gave her heart, that all
" Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall;
" And I, alas! too late to save!
" Yet all I then could give, I gave,
" 'Twas some relief, our foe a grave.
" His death sits lightly; but her fate
" Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.
" His doom was sealed—he knew it well,
" Warned by the voice of stern Taheer,
" Deep in whose darkly boding ear[40]
" The deathshot pealed of murder near,
" As filed the troop to where they fell!
" He died too in the battle broil,
" A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;

" One cry to Mahomet for aid,
" One prayer to Alla all he made:
" He knew and crossed me in the fray—
" I gazed upon him where he lay,
" And watched his spirit ebb away:
" Though pierced like Pard by hunters' steel,
" He felt not half that now I feel.
" I searched, but vainly searched, to find
" The workings of a wounded mind;
" Each feature of that sullen corse
" Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.
" Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
" Despair upon his dying face!
" The late repentance of that hour,
" When Penitence hath lost her power
" To tear one terror from the grave,
" And will not soothe, and can not save.

* * * * * * *

" The cold in clime are cold in blood,
" Their love can scarce deserve the name;
" But mine was like the lava flood
" That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
" I cannot prate in puling strain
" Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain:
" If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
" Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
" If bursting heart, and mad'ning brain,
" And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
" And all that I have felt, and feel,
" Betoken love—that love was mine,
" And shewn by many a bitter sign.
" 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
" I knew but to obtain or die.
" I die—but first I have possessed,
" And come what may, I *have been* blest.

" Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?
" No—reft of all, yet undismayed
" But for the thought of Leila slain,
" Give me the pleasure with the pain,
" So would I live and love again.
" I grieve, but not, my holy guide!
" For him who dies, but her who died:
" She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
" Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
" This breaking heart and throbbing head
" Should seek and share her narrow bed.
" She was a form of life and light,
" That, seen, became a part of sight;
" And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
" The Morning-star of Memory!

" Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;
" A spark of that immortal fire
" With angels shared, by Alla given,
" To lift from earth our low desire.
" Devotion wafts the mind above,
" But Heaven itself descends in love;
" A feeling from the Godhead caught,
" To wean from self each sordid thought;
" A Ray of him who formed the whole;
" A Glory circling round the soul!
" I grant *my* love imperfect, all
" That mortals by the name miscall;
" Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;
" But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt!
" She was my life's unerring light:
" That quenched, what beam shall break my night?

" Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
" Although to death or deadliest ill!
" Why marvel ye, if they who lose
" This present joy, this future hope,
" No more with sorrow meekly cope;
" In phrenzy then their fate accuse:
" In madness do those fearful deeds
" That seem to add but guilt to woe?
" Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
" Hath nought to dread from outward blow:
" Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
" Cares little into what abyss.
" Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
" To thee, old man, my deeds appear:
" I read abhorrence on thy brow,
" And this too was I born to bear!

" 'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,
" With havock have I marked my way:
" But this was taught me by the dove,
" To die—and know no second love.
" This lesson yet hath man to learn,
" Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:
" The bird that sings within the brake,
" The swan that swims upon the lake,
" One mate, and one alone, will take.
" And let the fool still prone to range,
" And sneer on all who cannot change,
" Partake his jest with boasting boys;
" I envy not his varied joys,
" But deem such feeble, heartless man,
" Less than yon solitary swan;
" Far, far beneath the shallow maid
" He left believing and betrayed.

" Such shame at least was never mine—
" Leila! each thought was only thine!
" My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
" My hope on high—my all below.
" Earth holds no other like to thee,
" Or if it doth, in vain for me:
" For worlds I dare not view the dame
" Resembling thee, yet not the same.
" The very crimes that mar my youth,
" This bed of death—attest my truth!
" 'Tis all too late—thou wert, thou art
" The cherished madness of my heart!

" And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
" But not the breath of human life:
" A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
" And stung my every thought to strife.

" Alike all time, abhorred all place,
" Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,
" Where every hue that charmed before
" The blackness of my bosom wore.
" The rest thou dost already know,
" And all my sins, and half my woe.
" But talk no more of penitence;
" Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence:
" And if thy holy tale were true,
" The deed that's done can't *thou* undo?
" Think me not thankless—but this grief
" Looks not to priesthood for relief.[41]
" My soul's estate in secret guess:
" But would'st thou pity more, say less.
" When thou can'st bid my Leila live,
" Then will I sue thee to forgive;

" Then plead my cause in that high place
" Where purchased masses proffer grace.
" Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
" From forest-cave her shrieking young,
" And calm the lonely lioness:
" But soothe not—mock not *my* distress!

" In earlier days, and calmer hours,
" When heart with heart delights to blend,
" Where bloom my native valley's bowers
" I had—Ah! have I now?—a friend!
" To him this pledge I charge thee send,
" Memorial of a youthful vow;
" I would remind him of my end:
" Though souls absorbed like mine allow
" Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,
" Yet dear to him my blighted name.

" 'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
" And I have smiled—I then could smile—
" When Prudence would his voice assume,
" And warn—I recked not what—the while:
" But now remembrance whispers o'er
" Those accents scarcely marked before.
" Say—that his bodings came to pass,
" And he will start to hear their truth,
" And wish his words had not been sooth:
" Tell him, unheeding as I was,
" Through many a busy bitter scene
" Of all our golden youth had been,
" In pain, my faultering tongue had tried
" To bless his memory ere I died;
" But heaven in wrath would turn away,
" If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.

" I do not ask him not to blame,
" Too gentle he to wound my name;
" And what have I to do with fame?
" I do not ask him not to mourn,
" Such cold request might sound like scorn;
" And what than friendship's manly tear
" May better grace a brother's bier?
" But bear this ring, his own of old,
" And tell him—what thou dost behold!
" The withered frame, the ruined mind,
" The wrack by passion left behind,
" A shrivelled scroll, a scattered leaf,
" Seared by the autumn blast of grief!

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" Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
" No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;

" Alas! the dreamer first must sleep.
" I only watched, and wished to weep;
" But could not, for my burning brow
" Throbbed to the very brain as now:
" I wished but for a single tear,
" As something welcome, new, and dear:
" I wished it then, I wish it still,
" Despair is stronger than my will.
" Waste not thine orison, despair
" Is mightier than thy pious prayer:
" I would not, if I might, be blest,
" I want no paradise, but rest.
" 'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then
" I saw her; yes, she lived again;
" And shining in her white symar,[42]
" As through yon pale grey cloud the star
" Which now I gaze on, as on her,
" Who looked and looks far lovelier;

" Dimly I view its trembling spark;
" To-morrow's night shall be more dark;
" And I, before its rays appear,
" That lifeless thing the living fear.
" I wander, father! for my soul
" Is fleeting towards the final goal.
" I saw her, friar! and I rose
" Forgetful of our former woes;
" And rushing from my couch, I dart,
" And clasp her to my desperate heart;
" I clasp—what is it that I clasp?
" No breathing form within my grasp,
" No heart that beats reply to mine,
" Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
" And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
" As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?

" Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
" I care not; so my arms enfold
" The all they ever wished to hold.
" Alas! around a shadow prest,
" They shrink upon my lonely breast;
" Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,
" And beckons with beseeching hands!
" With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
" I knew 'twas false—she could not die!
" But he is dead! within the dell
" I saw him buried where he fell;
" He comes not, for he cannot break
" From earth; why then art thou awake?
" They told me wild waves rolled above
" The face I view, the form I love;
" They told me—'twas a hideous tale!
" I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:

" If true, and from thine ocean-cave
" Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave;
" Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
" This brow that then will burn no more;
" Or place them on my hopeless heart:
" But, shape or shade! whate'er thou art,
" In mercy ne'er again depart!
" Or farther with thee bear my soul,
" Than winds can waft or waters roll!

* * * * * * *

" Such is my name, and such my tale.
" Confessor! to thy secret ear,
" I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
" And thank thee for the generous tear
" This glazing eye could never shed.
" Then lay me with the humblest dead,

" And, save the cross above my head,
" Be neither name nor emblem spread,
" By prying stranger to be read,
" Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."
He passed—nor of his name and race
Hath left a token or a trace,
Save what the father must not say
Who shrived him on his dying day.
This broken tale was all we knew
Of her he loved, or him he slew.[43]

NOTES

TO

THE GIAOUR.

Note 1, page 1, line 3.

That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff.

A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

Note 2, page 2, line 14.

Sultana of the Nightingale.

The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the "Bulbul of a thousand tales" is one of his appellations.

Note 3, page 3, line 15.

Till the gay mariner's guitar.

The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night: with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

Note 4, page 6, line 8.

Where cold Obstruction's apathy.

" Ay, but to die and go we know not where,
" To lie in cold obstruction."

Measure for Measure, Act III. 130. Sc. 2.

Note 5, page 6, line 16.

The first, last look by death revealed.

I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after " the spirit is not there." It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

Note 6, page 10, line 16.

Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave.

Athens is the property of the Kislar Aga, (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pandar and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now *governs* the *governor* of Athens!

Note 7, page 13, line 9.

'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour.

Infidel.

Note 8, page 15, line 12.

In echoes of the far tophaike.

"Tophaike," musquet.—The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset; the illumination of the Mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaim it during the night.

Note 9, page 17, line 6.

Swift as the hurled on high jerreed.

Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople.—I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation.

Note 10, page 19, line 6.

He came, he went, like the Simoom.

The blast of the desart, fatal to every thing living, and often alluded to in eastern poetry.

Note 11, page 23, line 4.

To bless the sacred "bread and salt."

To partake of food, to break bread and salt with your host, insures the safety of the guest: even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.

Note 12, page 23, line 12.

Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre.

I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief, is a panegyric on his bounty; the next, on his valour.

Note 13, page 24, line 2.

And silver-sheathed ataghan.

The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

Note 14, page 24, line 4.

An Emir by his garb of green.

Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works: they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

Note 15, page 24, line 5.

Ho! who art thou?—this low salam.

Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam! peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful: —to a Christian, "Urlarula," a good journey; or saban hiresem, saban serula; good morn, good even; and sometimes, "may your end be happy;" are the usual salutes.

Note 16, page 26, line 6.

The insect-queen of eastern spring.

The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

Note 17, page 29, line 7.

Or live like Scorpion girt by fire.

Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict "Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

Note 18, page 30, line 7.

When Rhamazan's last sun was set.

The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan. See note 8.

Note 19, page 31, line 10.

By pale Phingari's trembling light.

Phingari, the moon.

Note 20, page 32, line 7.

Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.

The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, "the torch of night;" also, the "cup of the sun," &c.—In the first editions "Giamschid" was written as a word of three syllables, so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes "Jamshid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.

Note 21, page 32, line 11.

Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood.

Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "facilis descensus Averni," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

Note 22, page 32, line 16.

And keep that portion of his creed.

A vulgar error; the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

Note 23, page 33, line 6.

The young pomegranate's blossoms strew.

An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."

Note 24, page 33, line 8.

Her hair in hyacinthine flow.

Hyacinthine, in Arabic, "Sunbul," as common a thought in the eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

Note 25, page 34, line 3.

The loveliest bird of Franguestan.

"Franguestan," Circassia.

Note 26, page 38, line 4.

Bismillah! now the peril's past.

Bismillah—"In the name of God;" the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

Note 27, page 39, line 15.

Then curled his very beard with ire.

A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which probably saved more heads than they contained hairs.

Note 28, page 40, line 9.

Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!

" Amaun," quarter, pardon.

Note 29, page 41, line 1.

I know him by the evil eye.

The " evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

Note 30, page 44, line 8.

A fragment of his palampore.

The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

Note 31, page 47, line 15.

His calpac rent—his caftan red.

The " Calpac" is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

Note 32, page 48, line 5.

A turban carved in coarsest stone.

The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on enquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

Note 33, page 49, line 2.

At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"

"Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

Note 34, page 49, line 11.

They come—their kerchiefs green they wave.

The following is part of a battle song of the Turks:—"I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, Come, kiss me, for I love thee," &c.

Note 35, page 50, line 2.

Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe.

Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and prepara-

tory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full.

Note 36, page 50, line 4.

To wander round lost Eblis' throne.

Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

Note 37, page 50, line 9.

But first, on earth as Vampire sent.

The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on Thalaba, quotes about these "Vroucolochas," as he calls them. The Romaic term is "Vardoulacha." I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that "Broucolokas" is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil. The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

Note 38, page 52, line 3.

Wet with thine own best blood shall drip.

The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

Note 39, page 62, line 15.

It is as if the desart-bird.

The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

Note 40, page 70, line 12.

Deep in whose darkly boding ear.

This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation.—On my third journey to Cape Colonna early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and enquired. "We are in peril," he answered. "What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves."—"True, Affendi; but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears."—"The

shot!—not a tophaike has been fired this morning."—"I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice."—"Psha."—"As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be."—I left this quickeared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a "*Palaocastro*" man: "No," said he, "but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;" and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*. On our return to Athens, we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to Childe Harold, Canto 2d. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that with other circumstances,

we could not doubt of *his* having been in "villanous company," and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musquetry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the 50th on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: "Well, Affendi," quoth he, "may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow; in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me."—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, "in the mean time he will join the Klephtes," (robbers), which was true to the letter.—If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

Note 41, page 78, line 12.

Looks not to priesthood for relief.

The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the penitent), and was delivered in the nasal tone of all orthodox preachers.

Note 42, page 82, line 15.

And shining in her white symar.

"Symar"—Shroud.

Note 43, page 86, last line.

The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or shewed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.

For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most eastern, and, as Mr.

Weber justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the "Caliph Vathek." I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the "Bibliotheque Orientale;" but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."

THE

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

A TURKISH TALE.

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

BURNS.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD HOLLAND,

THIS TALE

IS INSCRIBED, WITH

EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD

AND RESPECT,

BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED

AND SINCERE FRIEND,

BYRON.

THE

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

CANTO I.

I.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl[1] in her bloom;

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in die;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the east; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?[2]
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,
Apparelled as becomes the brave,

Awaiting each his Lord's behest
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
Old Giaffir sate in his Divan:
Deep thought was in his aged eye;
And though the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by
The mind within, well skilled to hide
All but unconquerable pride,
His pensive cheek and pondering brow
Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

"Let the chamber be cleared."—The train disappeared—
"Now call me the chief of the Haram guard."
With Giaffir is none but his only son,
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.

"Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
"Are passed beyond the outer gate,
"(Woe to the head whose eye beheld
"My child Zuleika's face unveiled!)
"Hence, lead my daughter from her tower;
"Her fate is fixed this very hour:
"Yet not to her repeat my thought;
"By me alone be duty taught!"

"Pacha! to hear is to obey."
No more must slave to despot say—
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,
But here young Selim silence brake,
First lowly rendering reverence meet;
And downcast looked, and gently spake,
Still standing at the Pacha's feet:

For son of Moslem must expire,
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

"Father! for fear that thou should'st chide
"My sister, or her sable guide,
"Know, for the fault, if fault there be,
"Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me;
"So lovelily the morning shone,
"That—let the old and weary sleep—
"I could not; and to view alone
"The fairest scenes of land and deep,
"With none to listen and reply
"To thoughts with which my heart beat high
"Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,
"In sooth I love not solitude;

" I on Zuleika's slumber broke,
" And, as thou knowest that for me
" Soon turns the Haram's grating key,
" Before the guardian slaves awoke
" We to the cypress groves had flown,
" And made earth, main, and heaven our own!
" There lingered we, beguiled too long
" With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song;[3]
" Till I, who heard the deep tambour[4]
" Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,
" To thee and to my duty true,
" Warned by the sound, to greet thee flew:
" But there Zuleika wanders yet—
" Nay, father, rage not—nor forget
" That none can pierce that secret bower
" But those who watch the women's tower."

IV.

" Son of a slave"—the Pacha said—
" From unbelieving mother bred,
" Vain were a father's hope to see
" Aught that beseems a man in thee.
" Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,
" And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
" Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,
" Must pore where babbling waters flow,
" And watch unfolding roses blow.
" Would that yon orb, whose matin glow
" Thy listless eyes so much admire,
" Would lend thee something of his fire!
" Thou, who wouldst see this battlement
" By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;
" Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
" Before the dogs of Moscow fall,

" Nor strike one stroke for life and death
" Against the curs of Nazareth!
" Go—let thy less than woman's hand
" Assume the distaff—not the brand.
" But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed:
" And hark—of thine own head take heed—
" If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
" Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
But every frown and every word
Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.
" Son of a slave!—reproached with fear!
" Those gibes had cost another dear.

" Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?"
Thus held his thoughts their dark career,
And glances ev'n of more than ire
Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
And started; for within his eye
He read how much his wrath had done;
He saw rebellion there begun:
" Come hither, boy—what, no reply?
" I mark thee—and I know thee too;
" But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:
" But if thy beard had manlier length,
" And if thy hand had skill and strength,
" I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
" Albeit against my own perchance."

As sneeringly these accents fell,
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:
That eye returned him glance for glance,
And proudly to his sire's was raised,
Till Giaffir's quailed and shrunk askance—
And why—he felt, but durst not tell.
"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
"Will one day work me more annoy:
"I never loved him from his birth,
"And—but his arm is little worth,
"And scarcely in the chase could cope
"With timid fawn or antelope,
"Far less would venture into strife
"Where man contends for fame and life—
"I would not trust that look or tone:
"No—nor the blood so near my own.

" That blood—he hath not heard—no more—
" I'll watch him closer than before.
" He is an Arab[5] to my sight,
" Or Christian crouching in the fight—
" But hark!—I hear Zuleika's voice;
" Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear:
" She is the offspring of my choice;
" Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear,
" With all to hope, and nought to fear—
" My Peri! ever welcome here!
" Sweet, as the desart-fountain's wave
" To lips just cooled in time to save—
" Such to my longing sight art thou;
" Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine
" More thanks for life, than I for thine
" Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now."

VI.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
Whose image then was stamped upon her mind—
But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling;
Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendant vision
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven;
Soft, as the memory of buried love;
Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above;
Was she—the daughter of that rude old Chief,
Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the Music breathing from her face,[6]
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast;
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and carest,

Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt:
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart though stern could ever feel;
Affection chained her to that heart;
Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

"Zuleika! child of gentleness!
"How dear this very day must tell,
"When I forget my own distress,
"In losing what I love so well,
"To bid thee with another dwell:
"Another! and a braver man
"Was never seen in battle's van.
"We Moslem reck not much of blood;

" But yet the line of Carasman[7]
" Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
" First of the bold Timariot bands
" That won and well can keep their lands.
" Enough that he who comes to woo
" Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:
" His years need scarce a thought employ;
" I would not have thee wed a boy.
" And thou shalt have a noble dower:
" And his and my united power
" Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
" Which others tremble but to scan,
" And teach the messenger[8] what fate
" The bearer of such boon may wait.
" And now thou know'st thy father's will;
" All that thy sex hath need to know:

" 'Twas mine to teach obedience still—
" The way to love, thy lord may show."

VIII.

In silence bowed the virgin's head;
And if her eye was filled with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red,
And red to pale, as through her ears
Those winged words like arrows sped,
What could such be but maiden fears?
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Whate'er it was the sire forgot;
Or if remembered, marked it not;
Thrice clapped his hands, and called his steed,[9]
Resigned his gem-adorned Chibouque,[10]
And mounting featly for the mead,
With Maugrabee[11] and Mamaluke,
His way amid his Delis took,[12]
To witness many an active deed
With sabre keen, or blunt jereed.
The Kislar only and his Moors
Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,
His eye looked o'er the dark blue water

That swiftly glides and gently swells
Between the winding Dardanelles;
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
Nor even his Pacha's turbaned band
Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,
Careering cleave the folded felt[13]
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt;
Nor marked the javelin-darting crowd,
Nor heard their Ollahs[14] wild and loud—
He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter!

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke;
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke:
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.

To him Zuleika's eye was turned,
But little from his aspect learned:
Equal her grief, yet not the same;
Her heart confessed a gentler flame:
But yet that heart alarmed or weak,
She knew not why, forbade to speak.
Yet speak she must—but when essay?
"How strange he thus should turn away!
"Not thus we e'er before have met;
"Not thus shall be our parting yet."
Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
And watched his eye—it still was fixed:
She snatched the urn wherein was mixed
The Persian Atar-gul's[15] perfume,
And sprinkled all its odours o'er
The pictured roof[16] and marble floor:

The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal addrest,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too.
"What sullen yet? it must not be—
"Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"
She saw in curious order set
The fairest flowers of Eastern land—
"He loved them once; may touch them yet,
"If offered by Zuleika's hand."
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the Rose was plucked and wreathed;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet:
"This rose to calm my brother's cares
"A message from the Bulbul[17] bears;

" It says to-night he will prolong
" For Selim's ear his sweetest song;
" And though his note is somewhat sad,
" He'll try for once a strain more glad,
" With some faint hope his altered lay
" May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

" What! not receive my foolish flower?
" Nay then I am indeed unblest:
" On me can thus thy forehead lower?
" And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
" Oh, Selim dear! Oh, more than dearest!
" Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?
" Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
" And I will kiss thee into rest,

" Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
" Even from my fabled nightingale.
" I knew our sire at times was stern,
" But this from thee had yet to learn:
" Too well I know he loves thee not;
" But is Zuleika's love forgot?
" Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan—
" This kinsman Bey of Carasman
" Perhaps may prove some foe of thine.
" If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,
" If shrines that ne'er approach allow
" To woman's step admit her vow,
" Without thy free consent, command,
" The Sultan should not have my hand!
" Think'st thou that I could bear to part
" With thee, and learn to halve my heart?

" Ah! were I severed from thy side,
" Where were thy friend—and who my guide?
" Years have not seen, Time shall not see
" The hour that tears my soul from thee:
" Even Azrael,[18] from his deadly quiver
" When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
" That parts all else, shall doom for ever
" Our hearts to undivided dust!"

XII.

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt;
He raised the maid from where she knelt:
His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;
With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt.

As the stream late concealed
By the fringe of its willows,
When it rushes revealed
In the light of its billows;
As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flashed the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.
A warhorse at the trumpet's sound,
A lion roused by heedless hound,
A tyrant waked to sudden strife
By graze of ill-directed knife,
Starts not to more convulsive life
Than he, who heard that vow, displayed,
And all, before repressed, betrayed:

" Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
" With life to keep, and scarce with life resign;
" Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
" Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.
" Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done,
" That vow hath saved more heads than one:
" But blench not thou—thy simplest tress
" Claims more from me than tenderness;
" I would not wrong the slenderest hair
" That clusters round thy forehead fair,
" For all the treasures buried far
" Within the caves of Istakar.[19]
" This morning clouds upon me lowered,
" Reproaches on my head were showered,
" And Giaffir almost called me coward!

" Now I have motive to be brave;
" The son of his neglected slave,
" Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave,
" May show, though little apt to vaunt,
" A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
" *His* son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,
" Perchance I am, at least shall be;
" But let our plighted secret vow
" Be only known to us as now.
" I know the wretch who dares demand
" From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;
" More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
" Holds not a Musselim's[20] control:
" Was he not bred in Egripo?[21]
" A viler race let Israel show!

" But let that pass—to none be told
" Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.
" To me and mine leave Osman Bey;
" I've partizans for peril's day:
" Think not I am what I appear;
" I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

XIII.

" Think not thou art what thou appearest!
" My Selim, thou art sadly changed:
" This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest;
" But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.
" My love thou surely knew'st before,
" It ne'er was less, nor can be more.
" To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,
" And hate the night I know not why,

" Save that we meet not but by day;
" With thee to live, with thee to die,
" I dare not to my hope deny:
" Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
" Like this—and this—no more than this;
" For, Alla! sure thy lips are flame:
" What fever in thy veins is flushing?
" My own have nearly caught the same,
" At least I feel my cheek too blushing.
" To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
" Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
" Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
" And lighten half thy poverty;
" Do all but close thy dying eye,
" For that I could not live to try;

" To these alone my thoughts aspire:
" More can I do? or thou require?
" But, Selim, thou must answer why
" We need so much of mystery?
" The cause I cannot dream nor tell,
" But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;
" Yet what thou mean'st by ' arms' and ' friends,'
" Beyond my weaker sense extends.
" I meant that Giaffir should have heard
" The very vow I plighted thee;
" His wrath would not revoke my word:
" But surely he would leave me free.
" Can this fond wish seem strange in me,
" To be what I have ever been?
" What other hath Zuleika seen

" From simple childhood's earliest hour
" What other can she seek to see
" Than thee, companion of her bower,
" The partner of her infancy?
" These cherished thoughts with life begun,
" Say, why must I no more avow?
" What change is wrought to make me shun
" The truth; my pride, and thine till now?
" To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
" Our law, our creed, our God denies;
" Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
" At such, our Prophet's will, repine:
" No! happier made by that decree!
" He left me all in leaving thee.
" Deep were my anguish, thus compelled
" To wed with one I ne'er beheld:

" This wherefore should I not reveal?
" Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?
" I know the Pacha's haughty mood
" To thee hath never boded good;
" And he so often storms at nought,
" Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!
" And why I know not, but within
" My heart concealment weighs like sin.
" If then such secrecy be crime,
" And such it feels while lurking here;
" Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,
" Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
" Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,[22]
" My father leaves the mimic war;
" I tremble now to meet his eye—
" Say, Selim, can'st thou tell me why?"

XIV.

" Zuleika! to thy tower's retreat
" Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet:
" And now with him I fain must prate
" Of firmans, imposts, levies, state.
" There's fearful news from Danube's banks;
" Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,
" For which the Giaour may give him thanks!
" Our Sultan hath a shorter way
" Such costly triumph to repay.
" But, mark me, when the twilight drum
" Hath warned the troops to food and sleep,
" Unto thy cell will Selim come:
" Then softly from the Haram creep

" Where we may wander by the deep:
" Our garden-battlements are steep;
" Nor these will rash intruder climb
" To list our words, or stint our time;
" And if he doth, I want not steel
" Which some have felt, and more may feel.
" Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
" Than thou hast heard or thought before;
" Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me!
" Thou know'st I hold a Haram key."

" Fear thee, my Selim! ne'er till now
" Did word like this—"

" Delay not thou;

" I keep the key—and Haroun's guard
" Have *some,* and hope of *more* reward.
" To night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear
" My tale, my purpose, and my fear:
" I am not, love! what I appear."

END OF CANTO I.

THE

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

CANTO II.

I.

The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warned him home;

And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go
He could not see, he would not hear
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hailed above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"—
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
And Night's descending shadows hide
That field with blood bedewed in vain,

The desart of old Priam's pride;
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

III.

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been;
These feet have pressed the sacred shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,
To trace again those fields of yore,
Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own "broad Hellespont"[23] still dashes,

Be long my lot! and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee!

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
That moon, which shone on his high theme:
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
But conscious shepherds bless it still.
Their flocks are grazing on the mound
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow:
That mighty heap of gathered ground
Which Ammon's[24] son ran proudly round,
By nations raised, by monarchs crowned,
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!
Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow!

Without—can only strangers breathe
The name of him that *was* beneath:
Dust long outlasts the storied stone;
But Thou—thy very dust is gone!

V.

Late, late to night will Dian cheer
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear;
Till then—no beacon on the cliff
May shape the course of struggling skiff;
The scattered lights that skirt the bay,
All, one by one, have died away;
The only lamp of this lone hour
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.

Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,
And o'er her silken Ottoman
Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
O'er which her fairy fingers ran;[25]
Near these, with emerald rays beset,
(How could she thus that gem forget?)
Her mother's sainted amulet,[26]
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
Could smooth this life, and win the next;
And by her Comboloio[27] lies
A Koran of illumined dyes;
And many a bright emblazoned rhyme
By Persian scribes redeemed from time;
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
Reclines her now neglected lute;

And round her lamp of fretted gold
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
The richest work of Iran's loom,
And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;
All that can eye or sense delight
Are gathered in that gorgeous room:
But yet it hath an air of gloom.
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
Which none save noblest Moslem wear,
To guard from winds of heaven the breast
As heaven itself to Selim dear,

With cautious steps the thicket threading,
And starting oft, as through the glade
The gust its hollow moanings made,
Till on the smoother pathway treading,
More free her timid bosom beat,
The maid pursued her silent guide;
And though her terror urged retreat,
How could she quit her Selim's side?
How teach her tender lips to chide?

VII.

They reached at length a grotto, hewn
By nature, but enlarged by art,
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,
And oft her Koran conned apart;

And oft in youthful reverie
She dreamed what Paradise might be:
Where woman's parted soul shall go
Her Prophet had disdained to show;
But Selim's mansion was secure,
Nor deemed she, could he long endure
His bower in other worlds of bliss,
Without *her,* most beloved in this!
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?
What Houri soothe him half so well?

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot
Some change seemed wrought within the grot:
It might be only that the night
Disguised things seen by better light:

That brazen lamp but dimly threw
A ray of no celestial hue;
But in a nook within the cell
Her eye on stranger objects fell.
There arms were piled, not such as wield
The turbaned Delis in the field;
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
And one was red—perchance with guilt!
Ah! how without can blood be spilt?
A cup too on the board was set
That did not seem to hold sherbet.
What may this mean? she turned to see
Her Selim—"Oh! can this be he?"

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crowned turban bore,

But in its stead a shawl of red,
Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore:
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,
No longer glittered at his waist,
Where pistols unadorned were braced;
And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung
The cloak of white, the thin capote
That decks the wandering Candiote:
Beneath—his golden plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast;
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
But were it not that high command
Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,

All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Galiongée.[28]

X.

" I said I was not what I seemed;
" And now thou seest my words were true:
" I have a tale thou hast not dreamed,
" If sooth—its truth must others rue.
" My story now 'twere vain to hide,
" I must not see thee Osman's bride:
" But had not thine own lips declared
" How much of that young heart I shared,
" I could not, must not, yet have shown
" The darker secret of my own.
" In this I speak not now of love;
" That, let time, truth, and peril prove:

" But first—Oh! never wed another—
" Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

XI.

" Oh! not my brother!—yet unsay—
" God! am I left alone on earth
" To mourn—I dare not curse—the day
" That saw my solitary birth?
" Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!
" My sinking heart foreboded ill;
" But know *me* all I was before,
" Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.
" Thou led'st me here perchance to kill;
" If thou hast cause for vengeance, see!
" My breast is offered—take thy fill!
" Far better with the dead to be
" Than live thus nothing now to thee:

" Perhaps far worse, for now I know
" Why Giaffir always seemed thy foe;
" And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,
" For whom thou wert contemned, reviled.
" If not thy sister—wouldst thou save
" My life, Oh! bid me be thy slave!"

XII.

" My slave, Zuleika!—nay, I'm thine:
" But, gentle love, this transport calm,
" Thy lot shall yet be linked with mine;
" I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,
" And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.
" So may the Koran[29] verse displayed
" Upon its steel direct my blade,
" In danger's hour to guard us both,
" As I preserve that awful oath!

" The name in which thy heart hath prided
" Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,
" That tie is widened, not divided,
" Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.
" My father was to Giaffir all
" That Selim late was deemed to thee;
" That brother wrought a brother's fall,
" But spared, at least, my infancy;
" And lulled me with a vain deceit
" That yet a like return may meet.
" He reared me, not with tender help,
" But like the nephew of a Cain;[30]
" He watched me like a lion's whelp,
" That gnaws and yet may break his chain.
" My father's blood in every vein

" Is boiling; but for thy dear sake
" No present vengeance will I take;
" Though here I must no more remain.
" But first, beloved Zuleika! hear
" How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

XIII.

" How first their strife to rancour grew,
" If love or envy made them foes,
" It matters little if I knew;
" In fiery spirits, slights, though few
" And thoughtless, will disturb repose.
" In war Abdallah's arm was strong,
" Remembered yet in Bosniac song,
" And Paswan's[31] rebel hordes attest
" How little love they bore such guest:

" His death is all I need relate,
" The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;
" And how my birth disclosed to me,
" Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

XIV.

" When Paswan, after years of strife,
" At last for power, but first for life,
" In Widin's walls too proudly sate,
" Our Pachas rallied round the state;
" Nor last nor least in high command
" Each brother led a separate band;
" They gave their horsetails[32] to the wind,
" And mustering in Sophia's plain
" Their tents were pitched, their post assigned;
" To one, alas! assigned in vain!

" What need of words? the deadly bowl,
" By Giaffir's order drugged and given,
" With venom subtle as his soul,
" Dismissed Abdallah's hence to heaven.
" Reclined and feverish in the bath,
" He, when the hunter's sport was up,
" But little deemed a brother's wrath
" To quench his thirst had such a cup:
" The bowl a bribed attendant bore;
" He drank one draught,[33] nor needed more!
" If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
" Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

XV.

" The deed once done, and Paswan's feud
" In part suppressed, though ne'er subdued,

" Abdallah's Pachalick was gained:—
" Thou know'st not what in our Divan
" Can wealth procure for worse than man—
" Abdallah's honours were obtained
" By him a brother's murder stained;
" 'Tis true, the purchase nearly drained
" His ill got treasure, soon replaced.
" Would'st question whence? Survey the waste,
" And ask the squalid peasant how
" His gains repay his broiling brow!—
" Why me the stern usurper spared,
" Why thus with me his palace shared,
" I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,
" And little fear from infant's force;
" Besides, adoption as a son
" By him whom Heaven accorded none,

" Or some unknown cabal, caprice,
" Preserved me thus;—but not in peace:
" He cannot curb his haughty mood,
" Nor I forgive a father's blood.

XVI.

" Within thy father's house are foes;
" Not all who break his bread are true:
" To these should I my birth disclose,
" His days, his very hours were few.
" They only want a heart to lead,
" A hand to point them to the deed.
" But Haroun only knows, or knew
" This tale, whose close is almost nigh:
" He in Abdallah's palace grew,
" And held that post in his Serai
" Which holds he here—he saw him die:

" But what could single slavery do?
" Avenge his lord? alas! too late;
" Or save his son from such a fate?
" He chose the last, and when elate
" With foes subdued, or friends betrayed,
" Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,
" He led me helpless to his gate,
" And not in vain it seems essayed
" To save the life for which he prayed.
" The knowledge of my birth secured
" From all and each, but most from me;
" Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured.
" Removed he too from Roumelie
" To this our Asiatic side,
" Far from our seats by Danube's tide,

" With none but Haroun, who retains
" Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels
" A tyrant's secrets are but chains,
" From which the captive gladly steals,
" And this and more to me reveals:
" Such still to guilt just Alla sends
" Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends!

XVII.

" All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds;
" But harsher still my tale must be:
" Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,
" Yet I must prove all truth to thee.
" I saw thee start this garb to see,
" Yet is it one I oft have worn,
" And long must wear: this Galiongee,
" To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,

" Is leader of those pirate hordes,
" Whose laws and lives are on their swords;
" To hear whose desolating tale
" Would make thy waning cheek more pale:
" Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,
" The hands that wield are not remote;
" This cup too for the rugged knaves
" Is filled—once quaffed, they ne'er repine:
" Our Prophet might forgive the slaves;
" They're only infidels in wine.

XVIII.

" What could I be? Proscribed at home,
" And taunted to a wish to roam;
" And listless left—for Giaffir's fear
" Denied the courser and the spear—

" Though oft—Oh, Mahomet! how oft!—
" In full Divan the despot scoffed,
" As if *my* weak unwilling hand
" Refused the bridle or the brand:
" He ever went to war alone,
" And pent me here untried, unknown;
" To Haroun's care with women left,
" By hope unblest, of fame bereft.
" While thou—whose softness long endeared,
" Though it unmanned me, still had cheered—
" To Brusa's walls for safety sent,
" Awaited'st there the field's event.
" Haroun, who saw my spirit pining
" Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,
" His captive, though with dread resigning,
" My thraldom for a season broke,

" On promise to return before
" The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.
" 'Tis vain—my tongue can not impart
" My almost drunkenness of heart,
" When first this liberated eye
" Surveyed Earth, Ocean, Sun and Sky,
" As if my spirit pierced them through,
" And all their inmost wonders knew!
" One word alone can paint to thee
" That more than feeling—I was Free!
" E'en for thy presence ceased to pine;
" The World—nay—Heaven itself was mine!

XIX.

" The shallop of a trusty Moor
" Conveyed me from this idle shore;

" I longed to see the isles that gem
" Old Ocean's purple diadem:
" I sought by turns, and saw them all;[34]
" But when and where I joined the crew,
" With whom I'm pledged to rise or fall,
" When all that we design to do
" Is done, 'twill then be time more meet
" To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

XX.

" 'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,
" But rough in form, nor mild in mood;
" And every creed, and every race,
" With them hath found—may find a place:
" But open speech, and ready hand,
" Obedience to their chief's command;

" A soul for every enterprize,
" That never sees with terror's eyes;
" Friendship for each, and faith to all,
" And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,
" Have made them fitting instruments
" For more than ev'n my own intents.
" And some—and I have studied all
" Distinguished from the vulgar rank,
" But chiefly to my council call
" The wisdom of the cautious Frank—
" And some to higher thoughts aspire,
" The last of Lambro's[35] patriots there
" Anticipated freedom share;
" And oft around the cavern fire
" On visionary schemes debate,
" To snatch the Rayahs[36] from their fate.
" So let them ease their hearts with prate

" Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;
" I have a love for freedom too.
" Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch[37] roam,
" Or only know on land the Tartar's home![38]
" My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
" Are more than cities and Serais to me:
" Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
" Across the desart, or before the gale,
" Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow!
" But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou!
" Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;
" The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!
" Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
" Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
" The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
" And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!

" Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
" To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;
" Soft—as the melody of youthful days,
" That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;
" Dear—as his native song to Exile's ears,
" Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
" For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
" Blooming as Aden[39] in its earliest hour.
" A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
" Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!
" Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
" The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
" The Haram's languid years of listless ease
" Are well resigned for cares—for joys like these:
" Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
" Unnumbered perils—but one only love!

" Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
" Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray.
" How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
" Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!
" Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;
" To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;
" To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,
" Blend every thought, do all—but disunite!
" Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide;
" Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:
" Yet there we follow but the bent assigned
" By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:
" Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
" He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace!
" I like the rest must use my skill or strength,
" But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:

" Power sways but by division—her resource
" The blest alternative of fraud or force!
" Ours be the last; in time deceit may come
" When cities cage us in a social home:
" There ev'n thy soul might err—how oft the heart
" Corruption shakes which peril could not part!
" And woman, more than man, when death or woe
" Or even Disgrace would lay her lover low,
" Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame—
" Away suspicion!—*not* Zuleika's name!
" But life is hazard at the best; and here
" No more remains to win, and much to fear:
" Yes, fear!—the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
" By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.
" That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,
" Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail:

" No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
" Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.
" With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms;
" Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms!
" Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,
" So that those arms cling closer round my neck:
" The deepest murmur of this lip shall be
" No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!
" The war of elements no fears impart
" To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art:
" *There* lie the only rocks our course can check;
" *Here* moments menace—*there* are years of wreck!
" But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape!
" This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.
" Few words remain of mine my tale to close;
" Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes;

" Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate decline?
" And is not Osman, who would part us, thine?

XXI.

" His head and faith from doubt and death
" Returned in time my guard to save;
" Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave
" From isle to isle I roved the while:
" And since, though parted from my band
" Too seldom now I leave the land,
" No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,
" Ere I have heard and doomed it too:
" I form the plan, decree the spoil,
" 'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.
" But now too long I've held thine ear;
" Time presses, floats my bark, and here
" We leave behind but hate and fear.

" To-morrow Osman with his train
" Arrives—to-night must break thy chain:
" And would'st thou save that haughty Bey,
" Perchance, *his* life who gave thee thine,
" With me this hour away—away!
" But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
" Would'st thou recal thy willing vow,
" Appalled by truths imparted now,
" Here rest I—not to see thee wed:
" But be that peril on *my* head!"

XXII.

Zuleika, mute and motionless,
Stood like that statue of distress,
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The mother hardened into stone;

All in the maid that eye could see
Was but a younger Niobé.
But ere her lip, or ev'n her eye,
Essayed to speak, or look reply,
Beneath the garden's wicket porch
Far flashed on high a blazing torch!
Another—and another—and another—
"Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother!"
Far, wide, through every thicket spread,
The fearful lights are gleaming red;
Nor these alone—for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand.
They part, pursue, return, and wheel
With searching flambeau, shining steel;
And last of all, his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving:

And now almost they touch the cave—
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—" 'Tis come—soon past—
" One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last:
" But yet my band not far from shore
" May hear this signal, see the flash;
" Yet now too few—the attempt were rash:
" No matter—yet one effort more."
Forth to the cavern mouth he stept;
His pistol's echo rang on high.
Zuleika started not, nor wept,
Despair benumbed her breast and eye!—
" They hear me not, or if they ply
" Their oars, 'tis but to see me die;
" That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.

" Then forth my father's scimitar,
" Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!
" Farewell, Zuleika!—Sweet! retire:
" Yet stay within—here linger safe,
" At thee his rage will only chafe.
" Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
" Some erring blade or ball should glance.
" Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire
" If in this strife I seek thy sire!
" No—though by him that poison poured;
" No—though again he call me coward!
" But tamely shall I meet their steel?
" No—as each crest save *his* may feel!"

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gained the sand:
Already at his feet hath sunk
The foremost of the prying band,
A gasping head, a quivering trunk:
Another falls—but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes;
From right to left his path he cleft,
And almost met the meeting wave:
His boat appears—not five oars' length—
His comrades strain with desperate strength—
Oh! are they yet in time to save?
His feet the foremost breakers lave;
His band are plunging in the bay,
Their sabres glitter through the spray;

Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand
They struggle—now they touch the land!
They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—
His heart's best blood is on the water!

XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharmed by steel,
Or scarcely grazed it's force to feel,
Had Selim won, betrayed, beset,
To where the strand and billows met:
There as his last step left the land,
And the last death-blow dealt his hand—
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eye but sought in vain?
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
Hath doomed his death, or fixed his chain.

Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
How late will Lover's hope remain!
His back was to the dashing spray;
Behind, but close, his comrades lay,
When, at the instant, hissed the ball—
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang,
Too nearly, deadly aimed to err?
'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer!
The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate:
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling—
If aught his lips essayed to groan,
The rushing billows choaked the tone!

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away;
Few trophies of the fight are there:
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent; but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear,
And fragments of each shivered brand;
Steps stamped; and dashed into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be marked; nor far remote
A broken torch, an oarless boat;
And tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep
There lies a white Capote!
'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain:

But where is he who wore?
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep
Go, seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
And cast on Lemnos' shore:
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow;
That hand, whose motion is not life,
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
Then levelled with the wave—
What recks it, though that corse shall lie
Within a living grave?

The bird that tears that prostrate form
Hath only robbed the meaner worm;
The only heart, the only eye
Had bled or wept to see him die,
Had seen those scattered limbs composed,
And mourned above his turban-stone,[40]
That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
Yea—closed before his own!

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale:
Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
Thy destined lord is come too late;
He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!
Can he not hear
The loud Wul-wulleh[41] warn his distant ear?

Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
The Koran-chaunters of the hymn of fate,
The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
Tell him thy tale!
Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
That fearful moment when he left the cave
Thy heart grew chill:
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—
And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
Sufficed to kill;
Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.
Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave!
Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!
That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy first!
Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse!

And, oh! that pang where more than Madness lies!
The worm that will not sleep—and never dies;
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light,
That winds around, and tears the quiv'ring heart!
Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!

Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread:
By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled.
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
She, whom thy sultan had but seen to wed,
Thy Daughter's dead!

Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,
The Star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.
What quenched its ray?—the blood that thou hast shed!
Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?" an Echo answers—
"Where?"[42]

XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamped with an eternal grief,
Like early unrequited Love,
One spot exists, which ever blooms,
Ev'n in that deadly grove—

A single rose is shedding there
It's lonely lustre, meek and pale:
It looks as planted by Despair—
So white—so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high;
And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
May wring it from the stem—in vain—
To-morrow sees it bloom again!
The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears;
For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unsheltered by a bower;
Nor droops, though spring refuse her shower,
Nor woos the summer beam:

To it the livelong night there sings
A bird unseen—but not remote:
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that Houri strings
His long entrancing note!
It were the Bulbul; but his throat,
Though mournful, pours not such a strain:
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve
As if they loved in vain!
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
That melancholy spell,
And longer yet would weep and wake,
He sings so wild and well!

But when the day-blush bursts from high
Expires that magic melody.
And some have been who could believe
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
Yet harsh be they that blame)
That note so piercing and profound
Will shape and syllable its sound
Into Zuleika's name.[43]
'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,
That melts in air the liquid word:
'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
That white rose takes its tender birth.
There late was laid a marble stone;
Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone!
It was no mortal arm that bore
That deep-fixed pillar to the shore;

For there, as Helle's legends tell,
Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell;
Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave
Denied his bones a holier grave:
And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
Is seen a ghastly turbaned head:
And hence extended by the billow,
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
Where first it lay that mourning flower
Hath flourished; flourisheth this hour,
Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale!

NOTES

TO THE

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

Note 1, page 107, line 8.

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom.

" Gúl," the rose.

Note 2, page 108, line 9.

Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?

" Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
" With whom Revenge is Virtue."

YOUNG'S REVENGE.

Note 3, page 112, line 8.

With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song.

Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia.

Note 4, page 112, line 9.

Till I, who heard the deep tambour.

Tambour, Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight.

Note 5, page 117, line 3.

He is an Arab to my sight.

The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundred fold) even more than they hate the Christians.

Note 6, page 119, line 8.

The mind, the Music breathing from her face.

This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to "Him who hath not Music in his soul," but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps, of any age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between "painting and music," see vol. iii. cap. 10. DE L'ALLEMAGNE. And is not this connexion still stronger with the original than the copy? With the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described; still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied!

Note 7, page 121, line 1.

But yet the line of Carasman.

Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey, he governs Magnesia; those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots: they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

Note 8, page 121, line 13.

And teach the messenger what fate.

When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient; if, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the Sultan's respectable signature, and is bowstrung with great complacency. In 1810, several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate; among others, the head of the Pacha of Bagdat, a brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistance.

Note 9, page 123, line 3.

Thrice clapped his hands, and called his steed.

Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells.

Note 10, page 123, line 4.

Resigned his gem-adorned Chibouque.

Chibouque, the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-

piece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.

Note 11, page 123, line 6.

With Maugrabee and Mamaluke.

Maugrabee, Moorish mercenaries.

Note 12, page 123, line 7.

His way amid his Delis took.

Deli, bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.

Note 13, page 124, line 6.

Careering cleave the folded felt.

A twisted fold of *felt* is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke: sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.

Note 14, page 124, line 9.

Nor heard their Ollahs wild and loud—

"Ollahs," Alla il Allah, the "Leilies," as the Spanish poets call them, the sound is Ollah; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed, or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloios, form an amusing contrast.

Note 15, page 125, line 14.

The Persian Atar-gul's perfume.

" Atar-gul," ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.

Note 16, page 125, line 16.

The pictured roof and marble floor.

The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eternal and highly coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, scimitars, &c. are in general fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.

Note 17, page 126, line 16.

A message from the Bulbul bears.

It has been much doubted whether the notes of this "Lover of the rose" are sad or merry; and Mr. Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the " errare mallem," &c. *if* Mr. Fox *was* mistaken.

Note 18, page 129, line 5.

Even Azrael, from his deadly quiver.

" Azrael"—the angel of death.

Note 19, page 131, line 12.

Within the caves of Istakar.

The treasures of the Preadamite Sultans. See D'HERBELOT, article *Istakar*.

Note 20, page 132, line 13.

Holds not a Musselim's control.

Musselim, a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha; a Waywode is the third; and then come the Agas.

Note 21, page 132, line 14.

Was he not bred in Egripo.

Egripo—the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races.

Note 22, page 137, line 13.

Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar.

"Tchocadar"—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.

Note 23, page 143, line 13.

Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes.

The wrangling about this epithet, "the broad Hellespont" or the "boundless Hellespont," whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the mean time, and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of "the tale of Troy divine" still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word "απειρος:" probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time, and when he talks of boundless,

means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks.

Note 24, page 144, line 11.

Which Ammon's son ran proudly round.

Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, &c. He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æsietes and Antilochus; the first is in the centre of the plain.

Note 25, page 146, line 4.

O'er which her fairy fingers ran.

When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight but not disagreeable,

Note 26, page 146, line 7.

Her mother's sainted amulet.

The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap. of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.

Note 27, page 146, line 10.

And by her Comboloio lies.

"Comboloio"—a Turkish rosary. The MSS. particu-

larly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie; perhaps some of our own "*blues*" might not be the worse for *bleaching*.

Note 28, page 152, line 2.

In him was some young Galiongée.

"Galiongée"—or Galiongi, a sailor, that is, a *Turkish* sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Capitan Pacha more than once wearing it as a kind of *incog*. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver, are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession), at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

Note 29, page 154, line 12.

So may the Koran verse displayed.

The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction; it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add: he said, in Italian, that he did

not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was "piu feroce." I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

Note 30, page 155, line 12.

But like the nephew of a Cain.

It is to be observed, that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew; indeed the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own Sacred writ, and not content with Adam, they have a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife, and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is therefore no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem.

Note 31, page 156, line 13.

And Paswan's rebel hordes attest.

Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widin, who for the last years of his life set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

Note 32, page 157, line 11.

They gave their horsetails to the wind.

Horsetail, the standard of a Pacha.

Note 33, page 158, line 10.

He drank one draught, nor needed more!

Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath-keeper, after dressing.

Note 34, page 166, line 3.

I sought by turns, and saw them all.

The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.

Note 35, page 167, line 12.

The last of Lambro's patriots there.

Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts in 1789—90 for the independence of his country: abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprizes. He is said to be still alive at Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

Note 36, page 167, line 16.

To snatch the Rayahs from their fate.

"Rayahs," all who pay the capitation tax, called the "Haratch."

Note 37, page 168, line 3.

Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam.

This first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.

Note 38, page 168, line 4.

Or only know on land the Tartar's home.

The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself cannot be denied. A young French renegado confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desart, without a sensation approaching to rapture, which was indescribable.

Note 39, page 169, line 8.

Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.

"Jannat al Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman Paradise.

Note 40, page 183, line 6.

And mourned above his turban-stone.

A turban is carved in stone above the graves of *men* only.

Note 41, page 183, line 15.

The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear.

The death-song of the Turkish women. The "silent slaves" are the men whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in *public*.

Note 42, page 186, line 5.

" Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—" Where?"

" I came to the place of my birth and cried, ' The friends " of my youth, where are they?' and an Echo answered, " ' Where are they?' " *From an Arabic MS.*

The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader—it is given in the first annotation, page 67, of " The Pleasures of Memory;" a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous; but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur.

Note 43, page 189, line 8.

Into Zuleika's name.

" And airy tongues that *syllable* men's names."

MILTON.

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see Orford's Reminiscences), and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the Cathedral with cages-full of the kind; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly.—For this anecdote, see Orford's Letters.

END OF VOLUME II.

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